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Mother

Mother Goose

FROM

GERMANY.

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LUDWIG RICHTER AND OTHERS.

PHILADELPHIA:

FREDERICK LEYPOLDT.

NEW YORK: F. W. CHRISTERN.

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PHILADELPHIA.

An Infant's Prayer.

AS oft as sands are in the sea,
As many times as stars there be,
Or beasts and birds upon the earth,
As many pence as gold is worth,
As oft as blood doth run in veins,
Or glowing heat in fire remains,

As oft as leaves are in the wood,
Or fishes swimming in the flood,
Or blades of grass upon the fields,
As many shells as ocean yields,
As oft as hedges bear a thorn,
Or planted lands a grain of corn,
As oft as drops from water flow,
Or flakes are found in winter's snow,
Or mortal men from earth are raised,
So many times let God be praised.

Santa Claus.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

FATHER.

THIS morning I read in the paper, my dear,
That good old St. Nicholas soon will be here,
From Moscow, in Russia, that city so old,
Where many great things of his kindness are told;
And I wait every minute to see him come down,
And call on the children who dwell in our town.
He will ask, as he passes the little ones o'er,
If they've learned, since he came here the season before,

To cipher and sing well, to read and to write,
And behave themselves nicely by day and by night.
Wherever he visits, he bears on his back
A great load of sugar-plums tied in a sack,
And always has made it a rule, I believe,
That good little children his presents receive.

CHILD.

Oh, Santa Claus! Santa Claus! hear what I say:
Don't forget just to call at *our* house on your way!
Bring sugar-plums, picture-books, candy, and rings,
With all sorts of useful and beautiful things:
I'll study my lessons in amiable mood,
And always be gentle and quiet, and good.

SAINT NICHOLAS.

God bless you, dear children! I wish you good-day.
Mind father and mother in all that they say!
For good little children my presents I leave;
But those who are naughty and will not behave,
Who neglect all their lessons, are fond of bad tricks,
Shall have nothing at all but rods, switches, and sticks.

The A B C Soldiers.

NOW guess the riddle I give to you,
Of twenty-six riders brave and true:
They hold together like friend and brother,
Yet never a one is like the other.
They are not lame, nor dumb, nor weak,
Yet never a word alone can speak.

They have six interpreters, wise and good,
Or else they could never be understood.
The first to open your mouth still tries;
The second as if to shame us cries;
The third is always answering yes (*ay*);
The fourth like a mariner shouts in distress.
The fifth at you doth ever cry,
And the sixth forever is asking, "*Why?*"
Theirs is the language we understand,
Which rings in the world from land to land.

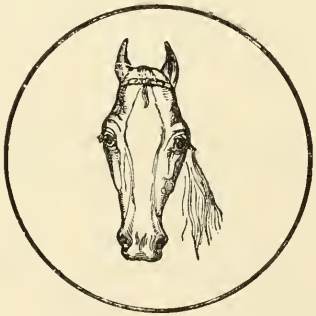
Upon a Great Black Horse-ily.

UPON a great black horse-ily
A man came riding cross-ily:
A lady out did come-ily,
Said she: "No one's at home-ily,

"But only little people-y,
Who've gone to bed to sleep-ily."
The rider on his horse-ily
Said to the lady, cross-ily:

"But are they bad or good-ily?
I want it understood-ily."
"Oh, they act bad and bold-ily,
And don't do what they're told-ily."

"Good-bye!" said he, "dear Ma'am-ily:
I've nothing for your family,"
And scampered off like a mouse-ily
Away, way, way from the house-ily.



Lady-Bird! Lady-Bird!

FLY away, Lady-bird, sad and forlorn!
Thy father away to the battle is gone;
Thy mother is living in Gunpowder-Land,
And soldiers have burnt it with brimstone and brand;
There blood has been running from daylight to dawn;
Fly away, Lady-bird, sad and forlorn.

Strawberries.

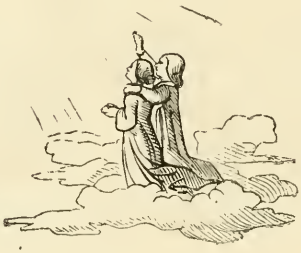
STRAWBERRIES! oh, strawberries
Are selling at the gate;
So, mother, run, and get me some!
Indeed I cannot wait!

Pat! Pat!

PAT, pat! a little cake,
First we knead, and then we bake;
Then we put it on a plate!
Eat it up, we needn't wait.

Child's Prayer.

YE gentle angels, hear my prayer!
Oh, let me pious be!
May soon the clothes which now I wear
Become too small for me!

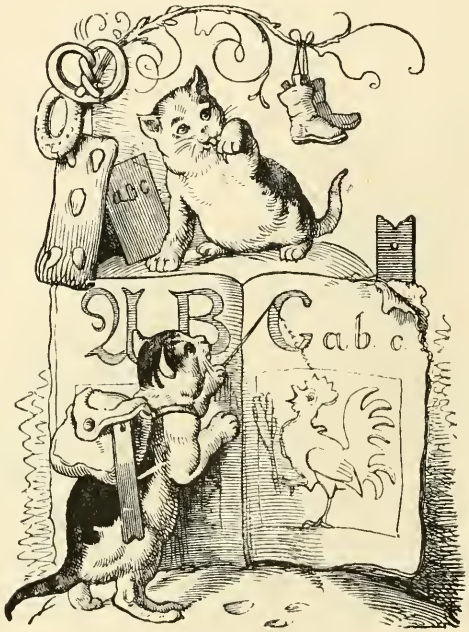


Song to the Moon.

WHEN the nightingales are singing free,
And the moon is shining mild,
How sweet it must in heaven be,
By the little Jesus child!

When a Child tries to Walk.

GO walk on the mountain,
So lovely and neat!
Oh, dear little lady,
Don't break off your feet!



A B C.

A B C, you know,
The cats went running through the snow;
And when into the house they'd gone,
They all had little white stockings on.
Mee-ow! Why, how?
Mee-ow!

The Blacksmith.

I SAW in Ulm a castle high;
A blacksmith's shop was standing by:
If you can shoe my horse to-day,
Then shoe him quick, good sir, I say!
And if the nails should cause him pain,
Then you must pull them out again.

Heads Off.

I WOULD not for a thousand crowns
My head were cut away;
For I should tumble blind around,
And know not what to say.
The people all would laugh and stare,
And cry, "Look there! look there! look there!"

Thistle-down.

(Sung when blowing thistle-down.)

I SAT on the mountain,
As still as a mouse;
I caught a small feather,
And built me a house.

The Soldiers.

HURRAH! I see the soldiers ride,
With sabres jingling by their side:
Cut the rascal's ear away;
But let a little morsel stay,
Let a little bit remain,
That we may know the rogue again!

Song of the Peas.

GIVE me a pea!"

"But I have none."

"Go to the miller's and get thee one!"

"He'll give me none."

"Then look for one!"

"Alas! alas! I find not one."

"Then I'll blow thee!"

"Then I'll guard me!"

After singing this, the children blow in each other's faces. The one who remains longest without laughing gets a pea from the other.

Ringel, ingel, eeny.

ALL SING.

RINGEL, ingel, eeny,
Children one, two, three-ny,
Sitting round an alder-bush,
Crying out for milk and mush!
"Mush! Mush! Mush! Mush!"

LADY SINGS.

"Hush! hush! hush! hush!
Children, don't be greedy!"

CHILDREN SAY.

"Sit down, ma'am!"

ALL SING.

A lady's sitting in the ring,
With seven children. Hear 'em sing!
"What do you eat?"
"Fishes!"
"And then —?"
"Go wash the dishes."

CHILDREN SPEAK.

"Sit down, ma'am!"

LADY SPEAKS.

"Oh! *Thank* you!"

Baa-Lamb.

BA-A, Lammie, ba-a!
The lamb went running through the wood
A great deal faster than he should:
The stones they tripped him all they could,
So down he fell, and, when he stood,
The lammie cried, "Mammy,
Baa—waa—baa!"

Ba-a, Lammie, *ba-a!*
The lamb went running through the town:
He hit his knee against a stone;
It made him dance and sing and groan:
So the lammie cried, "Mammy!
Baa—waa—baa!"

Ba-a, Lammie, *ba-a!*
The lamb went running through the vale:
A thorn-bush caught him by the tail;
It made the lambkin weep and wail:
So the lammie cried, "Mammy!
Baa—waa—baa!"

The Rabbits.

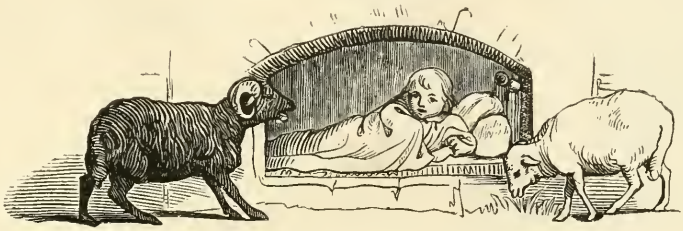
BETWEEN the hill and the brook, ook, ook,
Two rabbits sat in the sun, O!
And there they ate the green, green grass,
Till all the grass was gone, O!

And when they had eaten enough, nough, nough,
They sat down to have a talk, O!
When there came a man with a gun, gun, gun,
And fired at them over the walk, O!

But when they found they were sound, ound, ound,
Nor hurt by the gun, gun, gun, O!
They picked themselves up from the ground, ound, ound,
And scampered away like fun, O!

Oh, my Foot!

OW my foot pains me! when I work,
It gives a twitch, and then a jerk.
But when I'm going to a ball,
Oh, then my foot don't pain at all!



Sleep, Baby, Sleep!

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
I can see two little sheep:
One is black, and one is white;
And, if you do not sleep to-night,
First the black, and then the white,
Will give your little toes a bite.

Riding on the Knee.

PRETTY Miss Rattletot!
Buko von Halberstot,
What will you bring me? What?
What shall I bring?
Red shoes and a ring,
Fine shoes made of gold,
For the child to behold.
Hurrah—so! Burrago!
He drove me around;
The wagon is lost,
And our horses are drowned.
Hurrah! now, you coachman!
Don't halloo, I say!
Oh, why did you drive us
So badly to-day?

Lullaby.

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
Thy father guards the sheep;
Thy mother shakes the little tree,
That pleasant dreams may fall on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Through Heaven walk the sheep:
The stars are Lambs of righteousness,
And Lady Moon's the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
While Jesus minds the sheep:
The Lamb of God indeed is He,
Who died on earth, and all for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
And thou shalt have a sheep,—
A lovely lamb, with golden bells,
And silken cord and silver shells.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Go, dog, and mind the sheep!
Go mind the sheep both far and near;
Thou shalt not wake my baby dear.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, Little Darling.

SLEEP, little darling,
An angel art thou!
Sleep, while I'm brushing
The flies from your brow!
All is as silent
As silent can be:
Close your blue eyes
From the daylight and me.

This is the time, love,
To sleep and to play;
Later, oh, later
Is not like to-day.

When care and trouble
And sorrow come sore,
You never will sleep, love,
As sound as before.

Angels from heaven,
As lovely as thou,
Sweep round thy bed, love,
And smile on thee, now.
Later, oh, later,
They'll come as to-day,
But only to wipe
All the tear-drops away.

Sleep, little darling!
While night's coming round;
Mother will still
By her baby be found.
If it be early,
Or if it be late,
Still by her baby
She'll watch and she'll wait.

Guardian Angels.

FOURTEEN ANGELS in a band
Every night around me stand:
Two to my left hand,
Two to my right,
Who watch me ever
By day and night;

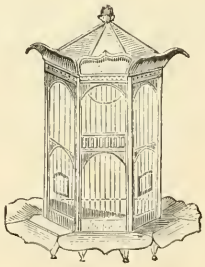
Two to my head,
Two to my feet,
To guard my slumber
Soft and sweet;
Two to wake me
At break of day,
When night and darkness
Pass away;
Two to cover me
Warm and nice,
And two to lead me
To Paradise.

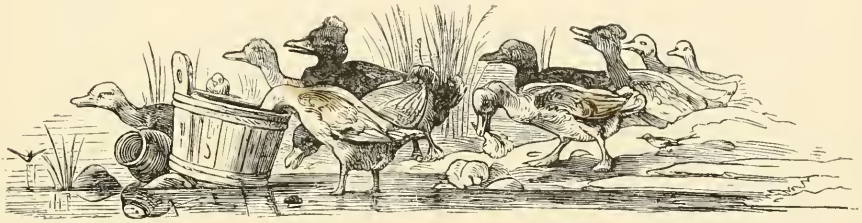
Burying the Bird.

UNDER the roses red,
Little bird, go to sleep!
Under the roses red
We bury him so deep!

Sweetly he used to sing,
With his little bill;
Sweetly the songs would ring,—
Now forever still.

Where he sang, the roses
Round him would wave:
Now the pretty posies
Are bending o'er his grave.





Child's Sermon.

QUIBUS, *quabus!*
The ducks go barefoot,
The geese have never a sock nor shoe;
So what can the hens and the crowbiddies do?
And as I came by the Canalian sea,
I saw a great multitude,—one, two, three:
The first he had nothing, his rent was but small;
The second had less—the third, nothing at all.
They bought a small loaf, they were hungry as hounds;
And of cheese, just a hundred and seventy pounds.

And they sailed, o'er the silent and silvery sea,
To a land which was empty as empty could be.
There the church was of paper, the pulpit of leather,
The parson on a stone he sat all alone:
And they cried, We are here all together!
And if we can only be good to-day,
To-morrow we'll tumble, and frolic, and play.
And the three sisters, *Lazari*,
Catherina, *Sybilla*. *Be-still-a*,
Wept bitterly,
And the cock crowed, "BUTTERMILK!"

The Feather Bird.

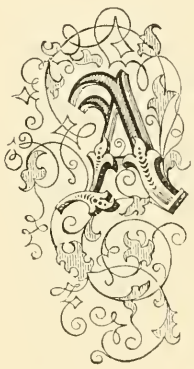
I HUNTED in my feather bed,
And found a bird at play;
I caught him by the bill and head,
And blew the bird away.

Wearing with the Fingers.

NOW I will weave a basket,
A basket fair and fine,
And in it thou shalt lay, with care,
That gentle heart of thine.

[*Sung while winding the fingers together.*]

Child's Morning Song.



WAKE, my children, from your dreams;
The morning star, with golden gleams,
Comes like a hero through the sky,
And waves his hand to all on high!

And welcome, too, thou lovely day,
Whose glory drives the night away!
Oh, shine into this heart of mine
With all that heavenly light of thine!

Stork! Stork!

STORK! stork! fly to-day
Into countries far away;
Bring my brother home, I say!
When the barley is ripe,
And the frog doth pipe,
With golden rings,
And velvet-dressed,—
When the red apples
Roll in the chest.

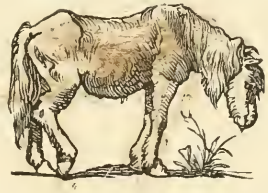
The Blackbird.

GOOD day, little Mary!
I come from the wood;
I've caught you a blackbird;
You long wished I could.
Take hold of the feathers,
Catch hold of its wing:
The bird will not bite, love,
The birdie will sing.

But yet, little Mary,
One thing we require:
Go make for your birdie
A small cage of wire;
A glass for his water,
A trough for his seed;
And then he will live
Like a noble indeed!

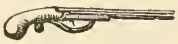
The Birds.

BIRDS which cannot sing,
Bells which do not ring,



Horses which cannot spring,

Children who frown as black as soot,



Pistols which can't be made to shoot,
Are as bad as a blotting-paper boot
Which has lost its leg and has ne'er a foot.

The Pedlar.

THERE came and danced a pedlar-man,
To-day, before the house.
He tumbled round, he grumbled round,
He jumbled round, he fumbled round.
There came and danced a pedlar-man,
To-day, before the house.

The Miller's Cow.

AND thou!
Miller's cow:
Miller's donkey,
That art thou.

The Farmer.

UTSH hay! hutsh hay!
The farmer sows,
The little birds sing,
And in the Spring
His barley grows.

When a Child is Sulky.

THE miller is grinding,
The water runs high;
My darling is angry,
Yet can't tell me why.

Tie your Dog up!

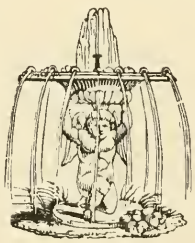
HUNTER, tie your dog to-night!
Else the hound will bark and bite.
If he bites me,
Then I'll give thee
Stripes three hundred and thirty-three.

The Farm-Yard.

THE ducks say, "Soldiers are coming!"
The drake says, "*Sackerlot, sackerlot!*"
The dog says, "*Bow-wow!*"—where now?
The cat says, "*Mi-au!*"—from Bernow;
The cock says, "*Kickery-coo!*"—here they are, it is true!

A Story.

SUN, sunny shine!
Ride over the Rhine;
Ride over the steeple,
So valiant and stout,
And three pretty dollies
I saw looking out.
The eldest makes baskets,
While one spins the silk;
One goes to the dairy
For butter and milk.
She went to the dairy,—
The milk was all sold,—
But found by the fountain
A baby of gold.



Fairy Song.

SPINDLE, spindle, fly, and find
Why my lover stays behind!
Pussy, Pussy, haste away,
Bring my true love home to-day!
Needle, needle, run, and see
That my house all ready be!

Come and Walk.

"OH, come with me to the rosy bower!"
"The roses are not blown."
"Oh, come with me to the barley-field!"
"The barley is not grown."
"Oh, come with me to the broom-corn, then!"
"No corn is there to-day."
"Oh, come up stairs, to my room above!"
"The stairs have fallen away."
"Yet we are in the room above,—
That little room of thine:
Oh, get the keys, my own true love,
And bring a glass of wine!"

Blind-Man's-Buff.

BLIND Man's Buff, all round about!
How many fingers do I hold out?
"Eleven, I guess." Then guess again:
Children commonly have but ten.

The Gift.

I'LL give you now, both great and small,
A handsome ivory NOTHING-AT-ALL,
With a silver No, and a golden NEVER,
Wrapped up in a beautiful WAIT-FOREVER.

The Coat of Arms of Amsterdam.

I TOOK a walk to Amsterdam,
I went by Lazy Way:
They asked if I could lazy be;
I lied, and told them nay.
The sun was shining warm and bright,
So there I sat me down,
And slept until the dark midnight,
And earned a thousand pound,
And bought myself a handsome horse,
As old as old could be:

Without a head, without a neck,
  Without a leg, was he.
I rode so far, I rode so long,
  I broke my horse in two;
Out from his breast a gray cock sprung,
  And loud the gray cock crew;
And on his comb, without a sham,
  He bore the arms of Amsterdam.

The Nursery-Maid.

HERE I sit and rock my child;
Here I sit all day,—
Hold the duster in my hand,
Dust the flies away.
When other people go to walk,
Here I still must stay,—
Rock the cradle, nick and nack:
Sleep, you rogue, I say!

Love-Song.

MY true love is lovely,
As fair as can be!
I'll kiss her forever,
And she shall kiss me.

Courtship.

ARLING child, sweet and mild,
Come where sugar-cakes are piled!
I will bring thee o'er the river
Shirt of silk and shoes of leather,
Wooden soles and paper heel."
"Boy, will you have me? beg and kneel."
"My little love, my pussy-cat,
Oh, only wait a year;
When cherries on the willow grow,
I'll marry thee, my dear!"
"But cherries on a willow-bough
I never yet did see!"
"And so believe, my little dear,
I'll never marry thee:
And if you were my little wife,
No land or house have I—"
"Then let us sit upon the fence
And see the folks go by!"

The Wedding.

THUS sang she:
One, two, three,
Bick-a-born a bee:
Bick-a-born, pepper-corn,
The miller's wife is all forlorn;
She sits and cries from night to morn.

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, beat the drum,
The mice have swept and cleaned the room,
The rats have carried the dust away;
To-morrow must be our wedding-day;
And under the roof a little dwarf sits,
Who has almost laughed himself out of his wits.

Lirum, Larum, Luffel steel.

[*To be sung while the soup is cooling.*]

LIRUM, larum, luffel steel,
Ancient ladies eat a deal;
Young ones, they
Should fast and pray:
Cake is on the shelf, I say!
By the cake there lies a knife!
Bless me!—what a merry life!

Eye-ah-pop-eye-ah.

EYE-AH-POPEIA! what rolls in the hay?
The geese must go barefoot, no shoes, sir, have they:
The cobbler hath leather, no last, it is true,
And so for the goosey makes never a shoe.

Eia-popeia! my chickbiddy's dead!
Who never laid eggs, though she ate up my bread:
Catch her and kill her, as if she were wild,
And make of her feathers a bed for my child.

Eia-popeia! I wish I were fed!
Lend me a penny for sugar and bread:
Oh, what if I sleep on a straw bed to-night?
Feathers can't stick me, and fleas never bite.

The Little Dwarf.

I WENT into my little field,
To plant my beans and peas:
There stood a little humpback dwarf,
Who straight began to sneeze.

I went into my little house;
I tried to bake and brew:
There came a little humpback man,
And broke the pans in two.

I went into my little room,
To eat my little meal:
There came a little humpback man,
Who half the food did steal.

I went into my little well;
No bucket could be found:
Up came a little humpback man,
And tripped me on the ground.

I went into my little shed,
To bring a little wood:
There came a little humpback man,
And ran with all he could.

I went into my cellar small,
To draw a glass of wine:
Down came the little humpback man,
And stole that glass of mine.

I took my little spinning-wheel,
And sat beside the door:
Up came the little humpback man;
The wheel would turn no more.

I went into my little room,
To make my little bed:
Up came the little humpback man,
And laughed at all I said.

I knelt beside my little bed,
And then began to pray:
Off went the little humpback man,
And vanished quite away.

Oh, dearest child, I beg of thee,
Pray for the humpback man with me!

The Owl.

THE owl among the bushes sat,
And when it rained it spoiled his hat,
But when it dried, said he, "Oh, bosh!
It's all the better for a wash.
Twitter hooo-oo!
Twitter hooo-oo!
We'll do as other people do."

The owl stood on a mossy wall,
And there he began to hoot and call.
The moon arose; he flapped his wing;
Said he, "She comes to hear me sing.
Twitter hooo-ooo!
Twitter hooo-oooo!
We'll do as other people do."

The Ring.

BY the brook and the river,
By both I have mown:
I'll soon have a sweetheart,
I'll soon be alone.

And if I can't mow,
I'll do nothing to-day:
What use is a sweetheart,
If she runs away?

And now by the river
And brook I have mown,
My pretty gold ring
In the water I've thrown.

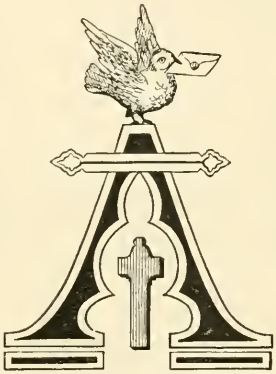
It runs in the brooklet,
Good-bye, love, to thee!
It rolls in the river,
Away to the sea.

And as it went swimming,
'Twas caught by a fish,
Which was cooked, and was brought
To the king in a dish.

"Oh, where did it come from,
This gold ring so fine?"
My sweetheart she answered,
"The gold ring is mine."

Can you mow by the river,
And mow by the Rhine?
Throw in when you will, love,
That gold ring of mine,

It will always come back,
You will lose it in vain:
The fishes will bring it
Unto me again.



A Small Bird.

SMALL bird came fluttering,
On my foot sat him still,
With a note from my true love
Held fast in his bill.

Hast thou loved me so fondly,
The long summer through?
Is the summer departed?
Heart's dearest, adieu!

Far away is my true love,
O'er mountain and sea;
And no cat or dog comes
To ask after me.

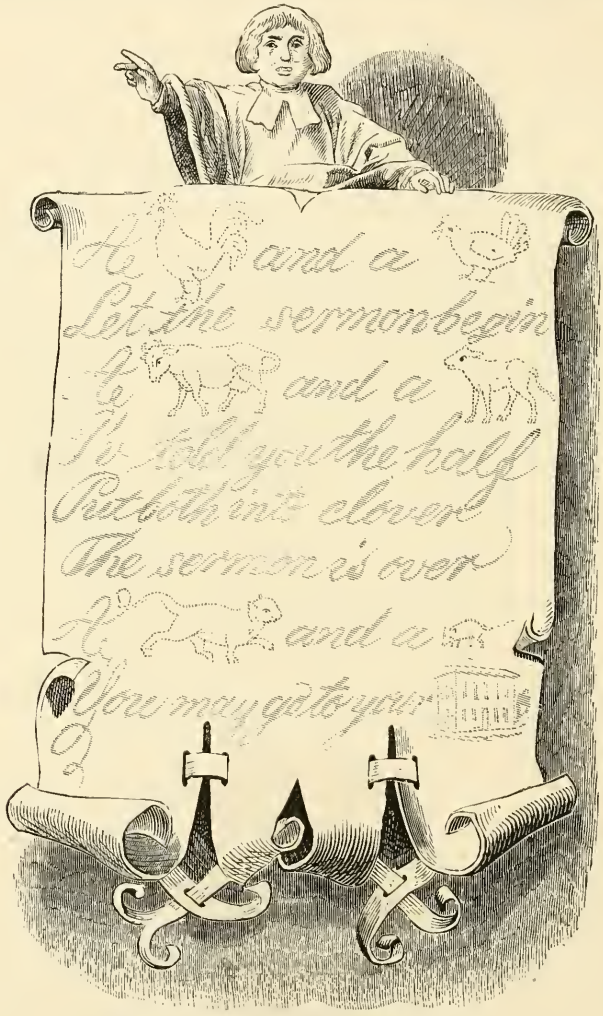
Little bird, hasten on,
With a kiss for my dear;
And I cannot go with thee,
For I must stop here.

The Clerk of the Weather.

THREE clouds in the heavens,
Three rats in the grain;
Let the sexton go homeward
And ring for a rain!

The Swede.

PRAY, children, pray in sorrow!
The Swede will come to-morrow.
If Oxestern should come to-day,
He'll teach the children how to pray.


A cock and a
Let the sermon begin
A lion and a
I've told you the half
Put both into clover
The sermon is over
A hare and a
You may go to your

Nursery Preaching.

A COCK and a hen,—
Let the sermon begin;

A cow and a calf,—
I have preached you the half;
Put both into clover,—
My sermon is over;
A cat and a mouse,—
Go home to your house;
If you have something—eat it!
If nothing—forget it!
Is there bread by your door?
Give half to the poor,
And save up the crumbs
Till a little bird comes.

Good Evening.

GOOD evening! good evening!
In roses I sleep;
With lilies and myrtle
Come cover me deep!
I'll hide from the moonlight,
I'll hide from the rain;
But soon as the sun shines,
Oh, wake me again!